

Grave Miscalculation

by JiraiyaTheToadSage

Category: Halo

Genre: Horror

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-02-12 03:32:38

Updated: 2014-02-12 03:32:38

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:47:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 669

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The forerunners discovered something deadly and sealed it away. But it wasn't the flood. And now ONI wants to use it against the brutes. Will it spell death or salvation?

Grave Miscalculation

So, after reading a bazillion halo fanfics, i decided to take a bash at my own.

i hope people enjoy.

* * *

<p>Chapter 1 - Prologue - Grave Miscalculation

Â-location: Unknown
>Â-Date: Unknown

I sat there for the briefest moments thinking; why would my own creators abandon me and send me for my data core to be purged? When i had done nothing wrong, for the most part. Sure, letting my containment protocols slip for the briefest of moments. Just for the sole reason of pursuing our current goal...

Elimination of the terrible parasite, the flood.

All i had done was simply let out a half dozen "infection forms" and a couple more-suited "combat forms" to test the durability of our security force. I hadn't thought 20 highly-trained, skilled soldiers would succumb to such a small number. My, my what a shame that was. I still recall in my video recordings that particular soldier...whose name i cannot recall at the present time. I remember his screams as a infection form ripped into his suit, bypassing the security measures and latched itself to his spinal cortex. What happened next even i, a might construct of the forerunners. Could not comprehend. Once it had

attached itself to his body, his teammates pried it off and killed it. But the truly remarkable thing is that the symptoms didn't worsen. nor did they recover. The infection form had somehow stopped his immune system recovering from the viral attack. But his body did not negatively reject it. Their DNA simply "bonded" in a way. I have run countless algorithms and such to determine what may have happened. But this is truly a breakthrough!

Well, at least i thought it was...

Several days later a quarantine team came along and purged all of our flood samples, including the tissue samples we had managed to isolate for research. out of our twenty guards, 3 had survived. one being the "bonded" soldier, and when they were checking my files i hid the data of him away in one of my many archives. Wishing to see what time would do with him. Would the remaining infection become a gift? or would it doom us all?

Ultimately i made a huge miscalculation...

The infection form that pierced the mans cortex, had. Apparently. Done it's job. poorly, but achieved infection none-the-less. But because the infected tissue was so little. it didn't show up in primary, secondary or tertiary scans. But what baffled me is that which occurred after he was sent home on medical leave. On the shuttle back to his home world (which coincidentally was the same of his 2 other teammates) There was a total-communications blackout. And the shuttle was drifting for days, from what the report said. Once it reached the orbital-repair station they had sent a rescue detail on-board to see what had happened. What they found was bizarre, and that's coming from a sentient machine capable of tens of thousands of calculations a second.

When they arrived on-board, they located the crew. Or what remained of them, the pilot had shorted out the navigation's systems in order to stop what lurked on-board.

Him, the "bonded" soldier, surrounded by the mutilated corpses of his teammates, as well as the pilot and co-pilot.

He was a wreck, muttering phrases to himself such as: "So hungry, why am i so hungry?" and other maniacal things. So he was immediately placed into quarantine and kept under watch by a member of the high-guard (high-ranking soldiers) in a shielded-prison cell, which would stop any living thing in the universe getting through.

The incident from what i have collected through vid-logs and text-logs tells of the horror.
>Of a being that was not able to be killed...
Didn't bleed when stabbed and shot...
>And even when mortally wounded would keep getting up and advancing...<p>

It was true terror itself walking...

Or shambling...

End
file.